

who caused a new advance to his countrymen and feel that his life and death made his grave a shrine.

Hon. Richard Kerens

HON. RICHARD KERENS, who died in Philadelphia on Monday last was a most superior man. He was not a statesman in the usual acceptance of that term, but rather one of those men of affairs that keep the world moving. A natural captain of industry—one of those men to clear the way on the frontier of progress.

He was, too, a natural political organizer and leader—a general in a political campaign.

But he had another side. He was greater in heart than in brain and drew the affections of men to him as naturally as the sunbeams make the flowers open and bloom—altogether a most loveable man.

Willis S. McCornick

A BRIGHT, genial, sunny-faced boy and precocious in his studies.

While yet in school he heard the war-call—that his country needed its sons, and it would be good if all the boys of the land could read the letter he wrote his father, explaining why he felt it his duty to abandon the school to answer that call, for it would give them a thrill of real Americanism, from a heart throbbing with real red American blood.

He made a brave record in the war, then completed his education; then for practical training in the profession he had chosen, buried himself three years in a Siberian mine.

But in those three years he mastered the difficult language spoken there.

Returning home he engaged in business and the world seemed filled with the sunshine of hope before him.

But when his skies seemed brightest, an insidious disease stole upon him which neither the skill of science nor the affection of those who loved him could arrest.

And now he is gone. God pity those who so loved him, God rest the tired soul that has fled.

THERE is not a bit of common sense in saying: "A railroad is big and strong and can stand any extra expense exacted from it." Railroads have not a cent except what is paid them by people who travel or send freight on them. Whatever their expenses the people pay them.

CARRANZA promised to "put down Villa. From last accounts Villa was growing stronger and stronger. It must not be forgotten that the reason Carranza obtained his present position was solely through the victories Villa won for him.

IT would be ungenerous, would it not, to suspect that a private understanding was reached as to how the brotherhoods would vote in November if they won their coveted point in September?

HAIL in New York seventy-two hours from Berlin by zeppelin. There is some style about that. We hope it will materialize. It will make science take on a new, almost divine significance and supply a new proof that man is only a little lower than the angels.

A SUBTLE joker Mr. Wilson is sure enough. When he claims that the genius, the progress, the patriotism and the broad humanity of the nation find their only embodiment in the Democratic party, then it is to laugh sure enough.

And when at the same time he makes it clear that the new glory of the party has come mostly from him the hilarity is greatly accentuated.

AUTHOR AUERBACH AND THE TALE OF NO-SHEE-NI

By T. G.

IT is doubtful if the eastern magazines will ever forgive Ambrose McKay, George Hale, Ed Callister and Bud Whitney for corraling the literary output of Herbert S. Auerbach, "who has for a long time, been a contributor to publications throughout the country." Inadvertently, we have missed most of these articles, but attribute the oversight to the fact that occasionally, through trouble in the mail, we have not received our copies of the Tageblatt and Vorwärts.

A prophet in his own country has a tough time gaining recognition. We are given to understand that Mr. Auerbach has for years spent the greater part of his spare time in literary work, his most recent production being "The Shopping Center," and it is also said that he collaborated in "The Romance of the Lace Counter." But his most pretentious offering for public consumption has been the tale of No-Ni-Shee, sweet child of his fancy, who was discovered in a cave in the Cottonwoods, and dragged from there past the Cardiff and down the steps of Big Cottonwood, along Broadway to the shores of the inland sea. Following her reign during the coming festival it is easy to suppose that his next sketch will be in the nature of an autobiography, or who put the sale in saline.

Author Auerbach does not write from selfish motives, and as an evidence of his magnanimity he announces at the head of each article in which No-Ni-Shee is exploited that the money received by him for the Indian stories will be donated to the fund of the Salt Princess festival. If this be true it is difficult to see why any other contributions should be necessary, for if the four daily papers are paying space rates for all of the stuff they have printed since they began to impose on their readers with this, it will be more than sufficient to meet general expenses and provide for all emergencies.

Author Auerbach is to be commended rather than blamed for using the amount of space he has, if the papers will fall for it, and being a widely known author as he is probably explains why nothing is cut and why every delicate phrase remains intact and each flash of subtle wit is printed as it originated. This, for instance from last Sunday's papers:

In the year when the wolves were hungry and bold and did venture into the very village streets to howl and snap their jaws, there was camped on the salt strewn edge of the sacred blue waters, a wise and Skookum chief by name Heap-Like-Ko-Lone, son of Smell-Sweet-Like-Skunk. He, in turn, did have a son who was afflicted with epileptic fits and whose given name was Cramp-Like-Water-Melon.

Chief Heap-Like-Ko-Lone had brought his afflicted son Cramp-Like-Water-Melon from the lodge of the mighty Bow-Nee chiefs many suns to the East as the crow flies, that he might take a bath—in the famed tear-drenched waters of the Salt Princess lake.

Tradition does relate how the treatment of the salt water baths did entirely cure the young chief of his cramp-like-water-melon, and in commemoration of this miracle, Chief Heap-Like-Ko-Lone did erect a large perfume factory upon the site where they had camped and thereafter for many circles of moons, did the Indians extract and preserve strange and wonderful smell waters there.

There was considerable interest in the beginning of the story of the finding of the prehistoric souvenirs in the fastnesses of the Wasatch, and appearing in four papers of repute, few but the

initiated doubted the existence of the newly discovered cavern. Then when the denouement came, scientists especially interested in such things raved, and others wondered why four of the big daily newspapers would become parties to the imposition. Since, the local public has been regaled each day with the guff, and those of the general public of the state who can get away are preparing to come to the bunk baited for the poor boobies.

And this is the reason the daily papers stand for it. There isn't one of them with intestines enough, in view of the possible loss of future advertising, to stand out and tell some of our leading authors and others where to head in. As one manager said: "I could be arrested for what I think of that stuff, but I am powerless to do anything." A fine confession from the manager of a powerful newspaper. Oh, for the days of real journalism, when the business and editorial departments were separate and distinct.

In the meantime, Utah, has added to the world of letters, a star of the first magnitude, albeit his light has heretofore been hidden under a bushel—in the grocery department.

CHARLES R. MABEY

A gifted speaker and a man of recognized business, political and military success, Charles R. Mabey of Bountiful, Republican candidate for congress, is one of those well endowed men whose natural ability has gained for them more than statewide recognition.

He comes from fighting ancestry whose Republicanism has been undeviating throughout the history of the United States. Mr. Mabey's forefathers have fought in every war in which the United States has been engaged and trace their military prowess back to the time of King Edward of England in 825.

Whatever success has come to Charles Mabey has come through a reputation for an upright character and through his own natural ability. His career has been like that of many of the big men of the day, beginning on a farm with a clean mind and healthy body and later attaining the highest gifts and recognition that could be offered by his local community.

Mr. Mabey was born in Bountiful, Utah, in October, 1877. As a boy on the farm he was as much of a student and as interested in public affairs as he later became in his university life.

Passing through the public schools, including the University, he went to the University of Chicago for special studies in political science. After graduating there he returned to Utah and taught school for four years. It was while teaching school that he organized a company of the National Guard in Bountiful. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he resigned his commission in the guard and enlisted in Battery A. In the Philippines Charles Mabey took part in twenty-two battles and skirmishes and came back to Utah a sergeant in the batteries. While in the Philippines he started in conjunction with Ike Russel, the first newspaper published in English in the islands, and for a signal display of bravery he was especially commended by Major Young.

Returning from the war, Mr. Mabey taught school for one year and then went to Europe where he visited Russia, Austria, Denmark, Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany and England. In these countries he made a special study of the economic conditions of the people, visiting the coal mines of Germany, Magdeburg the center of Europe, the copper mines of Saxony, the iron manufactories of Kemnitz and the porcelain factories of Meissen. In England and Germany he devoted considerable time to a careful study of the laws and institutions of the country.

In 1906 he returned to Bountiful and entered upon a career of business and public life. In the